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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

[ADDRESS DELIVERED BY APOSTLE ORSON F. WHITNEY IN THE TABERNACLE,
SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 25, 1906.]



THE greatest of all Christmas thoughts is the thought of the Savior of mankind, and my thought today concerning Him is two-fold. I am thinking of the mortal advent of the Son God, when He came to lay down His life to redeem the world from the bondage of sin and death. I am thinking also of His second coming, of the glorious advent of the King of Kings, when He will complete His work, cleanse the earth from iniquity, and reign over it during the thousand years of peace. These two events—one of them past, the other yet to come—mark the supreme epochs in the predestined history of our planet.

“God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” That was the greatest of all Christmas gifts. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Son of God was willing to be given for this purpose; that He was a conscious party in the action; that He was one with the Father in the giving of the gift; that it was God Himself who offered His life as a ransom for the human race, and made salvation a free gift to all who would put themselves in a position to profit by His sacrifice.

The custom of giving gifts on certain days of the year is much older than the observance of Christmas day. From time immemorial gifts have been given with various motives, both good and bad. Selfishness and sycophancy have played their part in the practice, as well as pity, generosity and love. The true Christmas gift, hallowed by its association with the idea of the world's Redeemer, represents unselfish interest in the happiness of others.

In every Christmas gift worthy of the name, there are three prime essentials. In the first place, the gift should not impoverish the giver. While designed to promote the happiness of the one who receives it, it should also give happiness to the one who bestows. Therefore it should be such a gift as the giver can afford to give, one that will benefit in the highest sense the bestower, one that will exemplify the truth of the divine declaration: “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” In the next place, the gift should be appropriate—suited to the time, the place, the person and the condition; an example, in short, of “the eternal fitness of things.” Lastly, and firstly, and all the time, it should be given ungrudgingly, not for policy's sake, nor to conform to any mere custom or fashion. It should be an expression of pure friendship, of exalted

affection, and the giving should be heartfelt and sincere. The cost should cut no figure. Well and wisely has it been said: "The best Christmas gift is not the one that costs the most money, but the one that carries with it the most love."

In this light—this triple light—let us survey the great gift of our heavenly Father, in sending his Son Jesus into the world, to die that man might live. Depend upon it, that gift did not impoverish the Giver. The well of divine love is always deepest when most is drawn. Rather did the giving add to God's honor and glory, and to that of the Savior Himself. The possession of all power, in heaven and on earth, came to Him as the result of His crucifixion on Calvary. And yet that offering was made unselfishly, ungrudgingly, with full foreknowledge, no doubt, of the inevitable fruits, but without sordid calculation, and with no thought save to glorify the Father and to benefit and bless mankind. It was a whole-souled expression of the love of God for man.

And who can say that the gift was not appropriate? The world lay dead at the feet of Death. By the transgression of our first parents, their fall from Eden, pain and sorrow had come into the world, earth had been cursed to bring forth thorns and briars, and thenceforth man was compelled to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In other words, the world had been placed in pawn; the name of the pawnbroker was Death; and his claim was two-fold. It was a spiritual as well as a temporal death, involving not only the dissolution of the body, but also the eternal banishment of the spirit from the presence of God. Nothing under the curse had power to lift it. No part of that which was held in pledge could be used as the means of redemption. Something above, something not under the penalty was necessary. The life of a God was the price of the world's freedom, and that price was paid

when Jehovah, the God of Israel, came to His own, as Jesus the Nazarene, and was crucified in the meridian of time.

The salvation thus wrought out, while a free gift, was not unconditional. There was something for man to do, in order that he might avail himself of the benefits flowing from the atonement of Christ. Belief in the Son of God presupposes obedience to His commands. We do Him no particular favor by keeping His commandments. We are favored by being commanded. This is God's way of blessing us and preparing us for still greater blessings. He died that we might live. Common gratitude would call for obedience in such a case; but aside from that, obedience is absolutely essential to salvation.

Men and women have said to me, "What is the use of religion?" "Why need we subscribe to a creed, submit to any ordinance, or belong to any church?" A well meaning gentleman once remarked to a friend of mine, "If I live a good life, if I am honest, truthful, temperate, virtuous, benevolent, and do unto others as I would they should do unto me, I believe that is enough to make my peace with God and insure my salvation." Well, that would be enough if the Lord had said so; but, unfortunately for that gentleman's theory, the Lord has required something else. When Jesus was asked concerning the first and great commandment, which men must obey, in order to obtain eternal life, He did not say, "Thou shalt do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." The proper answer to those who think their personal goodness all-sufficient is this: "You cannot be good enough to save your own souls. Adam could not, Eve could not, nor can any of their

posterity. All are under the curse, and redemption must come from above. Honesty, truthfulness, virtue, benevolence, are pure gold, and are good as far as they go. But they do not go far enough: they cannot save the soul. Our heavenly Father, knowing this, provided a Savior and a plan of salvation beforehand, to do that for man which man cannot do for himself. If he could have done it, it would have been required of him. God is a wise economist: He does nothing in vain. He puts no premium upon indolence. Man is expected to do all he can for himself, for only in this way can he be developed and glorified. The Lord prepares the way, makes it possible for our efforts to be effectual, and supplements them with the divine aid indispensable.

Faith is the first principle of the Gospel—belief in God, in the Savior who not only died for us on earth, but was the author of the plan of salvation in the pre-existence. Repentance is the second principle—repentance of sin, the turning away from iniquity, since no uncleanness can enter the kingdom of heaven. Baptism, the third principle, is for the remission of sins, to wash us clean from the effects of our transgressions. It symbolizes the resurrection, by which mortality puts on immortality, and is born again into a higher life. Hence baptism must be by immersion—going down into the water and coming up out of the water—which symbolizes a birth, and after which we are required to walk in newness of life. But this ordinance, like all others in the Church of God, must be administered by those having divine authority. The cleansing of the soul by baptism prepares it for the reception of the Holy Ghost, as a gift from God, as a guide unto perfection. This gift is given by the laying on of hands of men holding the holy Priesthood.

Thus I have briefly summarized the first four principles of the Gospel—the in-

itiatory steps into the Church and Kingdom of God. These eternal principles were recognized by the God of heaven before the world was, as a means of progress, of salvation and of exaltation, and were instituted as such when Christ, the Lamb of God, was chosen in the eternal councils to descend to earth and be sacrificed to redeem the human race.

The Gospel was first revealed to Adam after his fall from Eden—a fall necessary to human progress, since “Adam fell that man might be;” that is, that the spirit might have a body as a means of eternal increase. Adam had the Gospel, and was redeemed by it from the fall. He was to look forward to Christ for his salvation, while we are taught to look backward, as well as forward, to the first and second comings of our Savior, for salvation and endless glory. After Adam’s time, when the world had grown degenerate, and had turned from the true way, the heavens were again opened and the Gospel once more given to man.

At the head of that dispensation stood Enoch, whose city was taken into heaven, as a symbol of the Zion of the last days. Enoch’s commonwealth was called Zion, “because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness, and there was no poor among them”—a condition that must be realized in modern Israel before we can truly be called the Zion of God. The next Gospel dispensation was to Noah, in whose day the earth was baptized with water, as a forerunner of its baptism by fire at the end of the world. Abraham also had a dispensation of the Gospel—Abraham, the father of the faithful, in whom and in whose seed all nations were to be blessed: a promise fulfilled not only in the coming of the Son of God through the lineage of Abraham, but in the scattering of his descendants through all nations, preparatory to a great gathering of Israel in the latter days. Moses had

the Gospel of Christ, and by means of it and the powers of the holy Priesthood, sought to sanctify his people in the wilderness, and make them worthy to look upon the face of God. But they rebelled, and proved unworthy, and the Gospel and the Higher Priesthood were taken back to heaven, and Israel was left with the Lesser Priesthood and the law of carnal commandments, to school them until the advent of a more auspicious era.

Fifteen centuries later came Christ the Savior, who chose twelve apostles at Jerusalem and bade them build up His Church upon the eastern hemisphere—the then known world. Afterwards, in His resurrected body, He came over to the western hemisphere—America—the land of Zion, and here chose twelve disciples to build up the Church upon this chosen land. His commandments on both hemispheres were the same: “Preach the Gospel to every creature, he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.” The Gospel is one and unchangeable, in every age the same. It was preached by Peter on the day of Pentecost. “What shall we do?” exclaimed the believing multitude, pricked in their hearts by the apostle’s declaration that they had crucified the Son of God. “What shall we do?” they asked; and Peter, seeing they already had faith, answered, “Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost: for the promise is unto you, and unto your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.”

These were the principles taught by our Savior and His apostles as the first essentials to salvation. Having commissioned His servants to build up His Church, He ascended into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God, glorified with the same

glory that He had with the Father before the world was. Some have thought, because the Savior said, when on the cross, as He bowed His head and died, “It is finished,” that that was the end of His work. But it was only the end of a part of His great mission, the end of His suffering and sacrifice. His triumph was yet to come. At the time of His ascension, forty days after the crucifixion, a multitude stood gazing heavenward as He vanished from view. Two angels also stood there, who said, “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, will so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.”

To prepare the world for the second coming thus predicted, a Prophet was raised up at the opening of the nineteenth century, and the Gospel restored once more to the earth. That Prophet is known as Joseph Smith, and that Gospel the world has nicknamed “Mormonism.” Joseph Smith’s mission was to prepare the way before the coming of Christ; to lift an ensign for the beginning of Israel’s gathering, a step preliminary to the founding of Zion, and the preparing of a people to meet the Lord. The events in prospect, in addition to the building up of Zion, are the return of Enoch’s city, the resurrection, and the millennial reign of peace, during which earth will be sanctified and made ready for her baptism of fire, a process equal to the resurrection, when she will be glorified and transformed into a celestial sphere, the abode of celestial beings forever.

This is the meaning of Joseph Smith’s mission. This is the significance of “Mormonism”—preparation for the second coming of the Son of God. We do not worship Joseph Smith. We worship God, and we serve the Savior, but we cherish the memory of the martyred Seer, who, inspired from heaven, laid the foundations of this

great and glorious work, and we sing, with our hearts in our voices:

We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet,
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank Thee for sending the Gospel,
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank Thee for every blessing
Bestowed by Thy bounteous hands;
We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee,
And love to obey Thy commands.

Today we celebrate the birthday of the Son of God, the Savior of the world, as we celebrated, two days ago, the birthday of His Prophet, who stands at the head of the last Gospel dispensation.

Praise to the man who communed with
Jehovah!
Jesus anointed that Prophet and Seer;
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

THE CO-OPERATION OF CHILDREN AND PARENTS IN HOME PREPARATION.

WE are often reminded that environment determines, in a great measure the lives of men; that agreeable surroundings predispose to happy, useful living.

We shall be known by the company we keep, so I think we shall be known by the kind and tone of environment that gives us pleasure.

The Spirit of God will not dwell in unclean tabernacles; neither will it be found in abundance in homes where seeds of discord and faultfinding are sown and nourished.

If this be true it behooves us to make our surroundings as conducive to true development and progress as possible—indeed to create as nearly as may be a Sunday School atmosphere in our homes.

I know children who need no urging to attend Sunday School, neither do they to prepare their lessons, because from earliest childhood they have been trained to spend the Sabbath morning in Sunday School, and they have come to look upon this duty with great pleasure and think no more of neglecting it than they do of neglecting any other duty.

Josh Billings said: "If you wish to train up a child in way he should go, just skirmish ahead on that line yourself."

It is true that children do sometimes learn by seeing the opposites of what they

ought to be. I have known of boys getting a disgust for the use of tobacco and intoxicants because the father was addicted to these habits, and made himself so disagreeable to their more refined natures.

But that is not natural; children generally follow the parents' ways; the track lies marked out for them and they generally drop into it and follow it.

I tell you that I believe in positive, not negative teaching. I should not like to leave such a mark on my child's mind as that he avoided things just for seeing how hateful they made me. I would rather be something more to my children than a danger signal, and I say, it's a solemn thing for a man to hear little feet pattering after him wherever he goes, and it ought to make him careful what way he takes.

If parents would take the trouble to accompany their children to Sabbath School whenever possible, they would thus show their interest in this organization, and would come in touch with the spirit of the work and it would become a great part of the home conversation; they and the children would exchange views upon this or that phase of the lessons and thus a greater interest would be awakened in the minds of the young.

I stated that environment has much to do with shaping the habits and consequent-

ly the destinies of men; and since early impressions are most lasting and the minds of the young more susceptible to these impressions, parents should aim to surround themselves and their children with influences that will suggest only that which is pure and wholesome.

Dr. Vincent tells of a mother, "three of whose sons had taken to a seafaring life. Her fourth and youngest son announced that he was going to sea also. The mother clung to her youngest, hoping that he would be spared to her home and companionship. But in spite of her pleadings and protests, he too went the way of the others.

She had always warned her sons against a seafaring life and its many dangers.

She had read to them tales of shipwrecks and the many lives lost at sea, hoping in this way to turn their thoughts in other channels. But in boyhood they played at ship-life; they made and sailed miniature ships and drew and painted pictures of full-rigged vessels riding on the bosom of the ocean. They were wild to see ships; and the more the mother noticed these traits the more disconsolate she became.

In her trouble she sent for her minister and laid the case before him. "It is too late now to prevent it," she said, "but how do you account for this singular freak of a whole family of boys? They did not inherit this taste. It is in direct opposition to all my teachings and warnings."

The minister pointed out to the sad mother a large and remarkably fine painting of a ship in full sail, hanging on the wall, in the room in which they were then seated.

"How long have you had that picture?" he asked.

"For twenty-five years," she replied. "It was a gift of a foreign friend, and was considered a very good painting. We prize it highly."

The minister replied, "The picture has

sent your sons to sea. They have looked at it, and admired it from childhood. It is indeed, a superior picture. Watch the life and motion in the water. See the pride and stateliness with which the high prow faces and defies the wave. Look at the sails, the blue clouds beyond the rifts, the movement, the power in the picture. No wonder your boys were captured by it; their tastes formed and their lives controlled by this rare bit of art."

If we have followed this story closely, we will have seen that these boys did not lack for good counsel, but that in spite of the entreaties and importunities of the anxious mother to the contrary, they went to sea thus causing her many hours of sadness.

This good woman did not realize that an influence more potent than mere words and entreaties was slowly but none the less surely forming the minds and shaping the destinies of her sons.

I am sure that had these boys been asked as to the reason for their great desire to take to sea, they would have been unable to give one; they simply knew that this inclination grew upon them and became more intense as they grew and developed into young manhood. They perhaps were not aware that they were paying undue attention to this beautiful picture; yet its mute appeal was irresistible and their response ready and complete.

If inanimate things, such as a bit of painted canvas, or a mass of rock upon the mountain side can wield such an influence over the minds and lives of men, what may not be said of the possibilities of parents and children, who are created in the image and likeness of God; having the same attributes, and destined to become Gods, and to live throughout the eternities? If they surround themselves with good influences; if the children are trained from infancy to respect authority and obey counsel they will be prepared for their

Sunday School work, they will have learned the greatest lesson that comes to man—the love of God.

I think another important factor in the home preparation, is good literature, the church works, Sunday School periodicals and many others, the reading of which inspires the children to emulate the lives of those who have earned by their spotless lives, crowns and principalities in the celestial glory of our Father in heaven.

If this course be pursued from early

childhood, and if the parents show by a consistent support of the Sunday School, that they have faith and confidence in its usefulness, their children will, in a great majority of cases, love the work, and loving it, will prepare their lessons with such pleasure as is sure to come to the children of God, when they seek to keep His commandments, and finally: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him."

C. J. Jensen.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE WHEAT CROP FOR 1906.



THE Crop Reporter published by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has given out a table of statistics in which the principal farm crops of the United States are given for the year 1906. The total production of wheat in the United States was 735,260,950 bushels. The amount given for Utah is 4,888,626 bushels, the average per acre being 27.4 bushels. This is the fourth largest average yield in the United States. Colorado leads with 32.5 and is followed by Nevada with 31.5 and by Wyoming by 28.7. Utah wheat for 1906 is quoted at 65 cents per bushel. While the crop in the United States for 1906 was unusually large, there were conditions abroad which indicate that the price of wheat may reach before harvest of 1907 a higher price than it reached in the markets of the world for 1906.

Conditions in Russia are very unfavorable and in many of the districts the government is obliged to supply the necessary wheat to sustain the people till another harvest. The amount reported for the year just closed is 537 million bushels. This is something like 100 million bushels less than the crop of 1905. Added to this con-

dition in Russia, the rye crop is estimated to be for 1906 70 million bushels less than for the year 1905. In Great Britain the yield of wheat for 1905 6 is practically the same. Russia is now importing rye from Germany and Denmark. Of late years the exports of wheat from Russia have grown rapidly. In 1900 Russia exported 64 million bushels. The year 1904 5 the export from Russia was 193 million bushels. In 1905-6 there was a slight falling off and the exports dropped to 150 million bushels. From present indications it is quite likely that less than 90 million bushels will be exported.

Another circumstance likely to affect the market price of wheat is to be found in a reduction of the ocean freight rates from the Atlantic ports to Europe. On December 8th, 1906 the charge for transportation was 3.15 cents per bushel. The rate for a corresponding date in 1905 was 6.30 cents per bushel.

Bradstreet's report shows that the supply of grain at the principal points of accumulation on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts is less than during the year 1905. On December 1st, 1905 the grain stocks east of the Rocky Mountains reached 62,402,000; December 1st, 1906 the amount

was 57,862 000—a shortage of more than 10 million bushels. The wheat stored at the principal points of accumulation on the Pacific coast December 1st, 1905 was 5,866,000, while on December 1st, 1906 it amounted to only 2,689,000, a decrease of more than 3 million.

Just what this falling off at the chief centers of accumulation means, it is difficult at this time to see. No doubt many farmers are prepared to store their own grain and are holding it for an advance in price. They have enjoyed unusual and bountiful harvests during recent years and they are not therefore under the same necessity for disposing of their wheat at harvest time as they were under a few years ago.

There is not a very great difference in

the world's production of wheat between the years 1905 and 1906, the United States making up in a large measure the falling off in Russia. The fact however that the United States is increasing very greatly its demand for wheat and is therefore shipping less and less abroad every year, the further fact that there is a famine in a number of the provinces of China, and lastly, the fact that Russia will contribute so little to the market of the world all indicate that the price of wheat is likely to advance some over that of 1906. The largest crop of wheat on record in the United States was that of 1901, 748,460,218 bushels. For 1905 it was 692,979,589 bushels. The crop of wheat for 1906 exceeds that for 1905 by 42,281,461 bushels.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

O SAINTS OF JEHOVAH, AWAKE FROM YOUR SLEEPING.

(Tune "Cathleen Mavourneen.")

O SAINTS of Jehovah, awake from your sleeping!

The sound of salvation proclaim o'er the land;
O Saints of Jehovah, be careful watch keeping,
That in the great crisis you firmly will stand:

The winds and the floods are upon the house
beating,

Be sure the foundation is firm and secure;
Stand true to the faith, make no sign of retreat-
ing,

That you in the race to the end may endure.

The Bridegroom is coming, have oil in your ves-
sels;

Oh! trim up your lamps, that the spirit may
burn

Within every bosom, a light pure and holy,
And ne'er from the pathway of righteousness
turn.

O Saints of Jehovah, awake from your sleeping!
'Twill soon be too late, time as lightning doth
fly;

Or you'll be cast out where there's wailing and
weeping—

Then wake ye, oh wake, for His coming is
nigh!

Annie G. Lauritzen.

BE HEROIC.

*Wise men lay up knowledge; but the mouth of
the foolish is near destruction.—Proverbs 4: 10.*

Just a shade among the shadows—
Just a glimmer lightly thrown,
Just a drop from hidden regions—
Just a ray from heaven shown.

Just a sigh of fierce tornado—
Just a flash when thunders roar—
Just a spray from splashing billows,
Singing on forevermore.

These are just the tiny wavelets
On the ocean of that life
Which skims lightly on the surface,
Delving not where wisdom's rife.

Penetrate the deepest shadow,
Bask in lights of many a hue,
Search the mysteries of ages,
Bringing heaven nearer you.

Brave the storm, for it develops
Courage, strength and muscle, too,
From beneath the depths of ocean
Purest pearls are brought to view.

Dig and delve, with hope and courage;
Falter not when storms assail;
Who would be content with surface?
From the depths we much avail.

Hattie Critchlow Jensen.

SOME SCENIC TOWNS OF THE RHINE.



HEUS, one of the oldest towns on the Rhine, is still surrounded by the walls and moat which, in 1370, were constructed by Archbishop Frederick III of Cologne. Its situation and quaint houses, mostly of the 13th to the 16th centuries, fairly embedded in foliage, give it a picturesque appearance, even in scenic Rhineland.

As we approach Boppard, the river, which had in a sudden bend formed the letter S, straightens again. This is quite a thriving town, having a population of about 6,000. The ancient walls and churches, whose towers rise conspicuously above the surrounding houses, and winding, old-fashioned

streets, make it a picture such as we have seen painted of the towns and castles of the Rhine. Light clouds are hanging low over it, which ever and anon are illuminated by brilliant rays of sunshine, which, however, are elusive, for while we still gaze upon the scene they are changed to a colder gray.

The parish church was built in 1200, with its two remarkable towers, which are connected by a gallery, where the male portion of the congregation worshipped, while the women sat below.

At the south end of the town a few ruins remain, showing round, arched windows of the ancient Templehof, where once lodged the Knights Templars of Boppard,



BOPPARD.

who were valiant at the storming of Ptolemais in the third crusade.

A little distance from Boppard, on the south, lies a beautiful valley, nestling at the foot of wooded hills, which is intersected by shady paths. From the Alte Burg hill the view is delightful. The Bopparden Stadtwald, a fine forest, is also laid out in lovely walks. So we dream the hours away, stopping here and there, first on one side of the river, then on the other. The past seems the present, and those titled ones of long ago seem to people the places we see.

Oberweisel, with its hotel right on the Rhine, is a picture long to be remembered. It is an ancient town, and occupies the site of the Vesalia or Vesania of the Romans. The Gothic church of Notre Dame dates from the 15th century, where

still are the monuments of the Schonborg family. In the south chapel is an altarpiece representing the landing of the 11,000 virgins; and on the town wall is a little church built to the memory of a little child that was murdered by the Jews in 1287. The ancient tower at the lower end of the village was formerly a part of the fortifications.

Everything here seems so quaint and restful, seeming only a picture of the grand panoramic scenes through which we are passing. While the sounds of destruction hover around the ruined castles, the thud of battering rams and the hiss of lurid flame, here, by the river's bank, Nature holds all within a peaceful, charmed embrace.

Lydia D. Alder.



GOARSHAUSEN.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

(FROM THE WRITINGS OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR).

CHAPTER III.

ON THE INCOMPETENCY OF THE MEANS MADE
USE OF BY MAN TO REGENERATE THE
WORLD.



PURPOSE in this chapter to show the incompetency of the means made use of by man for the accomplishment of the purposes of God—the establishment of His kingdom, or millennial reign.

Now, if it is the kingdom of God, that is to be established, it must be introduced by God. He must not only be the originator of it, but the controller also, and any means short of these must fail of the object designed.

The great evils that now exist in the world are the consequences of man's departure from God. This has introduced this degeneracy and imbecility, and nothing but a retracing of his steps, and a return to God can bring about a restitution.

God gave to man a moral agency, as head of the world, under Himself. Man has usurped the sole authority, and taken upon himself to reign and rule without God. The natural consequence is, that we have inherited all the evils of which I have spoken, and nothing but the wisdom, goodness, power, and compassion of God, can deliver us therefrom, restore the earth to its pristine excellence, and put man again in possession of those blessings which he has forfeited by his transgression. Emperors, kings, princes, potentates, statesmen, philosophers, and churches, have tried for ages to bring this state of things about; but they have all signally failed, not having derived their wisdom from the proper source. And all human means made use of at the present time to ameliorate the condition of the world must fail, as all human means have always done.

There are some who suppose that the influence of Christianity, as it is now preached and administered, will bring about a millennial reign of peace. We will briefly examine the subject.

First, we will take the Greek and Catholic churches as they have existed for ages—without an examination of their doctrines, whether right or wrong—for they form two of the largest branches of the Christian church. They have, more or less, governed a great portion of Europe at different times; and what is the situation of the people and nations where they have held sway? We have noticed the effects, and already briefly touched upon the evils that prevail in those countries; and if Greece and Russia, or any other country where the Greek church has held sway, be a fair specimen of the influence of that church, we have very little prospect if that religion were more widely diffused or extended, that the results would be more beneficial, for if it has failed in a few nations to ameliorate their condition, it would necessarily fail to benefit the earth if extended over it. Nor do we turn with any better prospect to the Catholic religion. Of what benefit has it been to nations where it has prevailed the most? Has there been less war, less animosity, less butchery, less evil of any kind under its empire? It cannot be said that it has been crippled in its progress or its operations. It has held full sway in Spain, Rome, and a great portion of Italy, in France and Mexico for generations, not to mention many smaller states. Has it augmented the happiness of those nations of the world? I need not here refer to the history of the Waldenses, and Albigenses, and Huguenots, to that of the crusades, wherein so many Christian kings engaged; nor to the unhappy differences, the wars and commotions, the blood-

shed and carnage, that have existed among these people, for their history is well known. And the present position of both the Greek and Roman churches, presents a spectacle that is anything but encouraging to lead us to hope, that if the world were under their influence, a millennial reign of peace and righteousness would ensue.

And let not anyone say that these churches have not had a fair opportunity to develop themselves, for their religion prevailed and was cherished in those nations. They have held universal sway, at different times, for generations. The kings, counsels and legislatures, have been Catholic or Greek. In Rome, the Pope has ruled supreme, and also for some time in Lombardy, Ravenna, and other states. In Greece, the patriarch of Constantinople, and in Russia, the Czar is head of the church.

But, methinks I hear the Protestants say, we fully accord with you thus far, but we have placed Christianity on another footing. Let us examine this subject for a moment.

The question would naturally follow, What have the reformations of Calvin, Luther, and other reformers, done for the world? We may notice that Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, with a great part of Germany, Holland, and Switzerland; as also England and the United States, are Protestant. What can we say of them? That they are a part of the disorganized world, and have manifested the same unhappy dispositions as other portions. Reform has not altered their dispositions or circumstances. We see among them the same ambitious, grasping, reckless disposition manifested, and consequently the same wars, bloodshed, poverty, misery, and distress; and millions of human beings have been sacrificed to their pride, ambition, and avarice, and thirst for national fame and glory.

The Reformation of the Church of Eng-

land is anything but creditable to that church. I refer to Henry VIII. and the vacillating course taken by some of its early reformers; and its persecution of those who were opposed to it in religious faith.

I might here refer to the religious intolerance of Calvin of Geneva, and Knox of Scotland, and other reformers; but, as these are mere individual affairs, I pass over them. If we look at Christian nations as a whole, we see a picture that is truly lamentable, a miserable portrait of poor, degenerated, fallen humanity. We see Christian nations arrayed against Christian nations in battle, with the Christian minister of each Christian nation calling upon the Christian's God to give them each the victory over their enemies! Christians! and worshipers of the same God!

Hence, Christian England has been arrayed against Christian France; Christian Russia against Christian Prussia; Christian Spain against Christian Holland; Christian Austria against Christian Hungary; Christian England against Christian United States; and Christian United States against Christian Mexico. Not to mention the innumerable aggressions and conquests of some of the larger nations, not only upon their Christian brethren, but against other nations of the earth.

Before those several nations have engaged in their wars, their ministers have presented their several prayers before the same God; and if He had been as infatuated as they, and listened to their prayers, they would long ago have been destroyed, and the Christian world depopulated. After their prayers they have met in deadly strife; foe has rushed against foe with mortal energy, and the clarion of war, the clang of arms, and cannon's roar have been followed by dying groans, shattered limbs, carnage, blood, and death; and unutterable misery and distress, desolate hearths, lonely widows, and fatherless chil-

dren. And yet these are all Christian nations, Christian brethren, worshipers of the same God. Christianity has prevailed more or less for eighteen hundred years. If it should still continue and overspread the world in its present form, what would it accomplish? The world's redemption and regeneration? No, verily. Its most staunch supporters, and most strenuous advocates would say No. For like causes always produce like effects: and if it has failed to regenerate the nations where it has had full sway for generations, it must necessarily fail to regenerate the world. If it has failed in a small thing, how can it accomplish a large one?

There are some of the evangelical churches, and modern reformers who will tell me that the above is not Christianity; only a form, not the spirit and life. But it is national Christianity; and it is the nations—the world and its redemption—that we are speaking of. But, lest they should think me unfair in making this application, I will briefly examine their position. Which of the sects or parties is it that is good, evangelical, and pure? The Church of England. Methodists. Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Universalists, or which of the hundreds of sects that flood Christendom? For they do not agree; there exists as much unhappy difference among them as there does among the nations. They have not power, of course, to act nationally; but, as individual sects, there is as much virulence, discord, division, and strife among them as among any other people. There is sect against sect; party against party; polemical essay against polemical essay; discussion after discussion, and hard words, bitter feelings, angry disputes, wrangling, hatred, and malice prevail to an alarming extent: and it is enough, in many instances, for a member even of a family to be of a different religious persuasion, no matter how honest, to cause his expulsion from the family.

In fact, if we look at Christianity, as exhibited among the evangelical societies of England and the United States, where Protestantism bears rule unchecked, what do we see? Nothing but a game at hazard, where a thousand opinions distract the people, each clamoring for his own peculiar form of worship, and, like the Athenians, clinging with tenacity to their own favorite god, no matter how absurd or ridiculous his pretensions. I would remark, however, both to Catholic and Protestant, that there is much good associated with both their systems, in the teaching of morality, virtue, faith in God, and our Lord Jesus Christ: that there are thousands of sincere, honest, good, and virtuous people among them, as also among the nations; that these evils have been the growth of ages. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth have been set on edge."

It is unnecessary here to say anything of missionary societies, tract societies, and evangelical societies; for if the fountain is impure, the stream must be impure; if the tree is bad, the fruit will be bad also. It is certainly a praiseworthy object to spread the Bible, and all useful information, and to do good as far as we can; but to talk of this evangelizing the world, is folly.

We will now turn our attention for a short time to another society, which has been formed lately in Europe, called a "Peace Society," and which has lately held several congresses in London, Berlin, and elsewhere, with representatives from many of the European nations, and the United States. Their object is, to ameliorate the condition of the world, and bring about universal peace; but, with all deference to their feelings, and fervent desires that such a happy event might be consummated, I must beg leave to differ from them in their views. Peace is a desirable thing; it is the gift of God, and the greatest gift that God can bestow upon mortals.

What is more desirable than peace? Peace in nations, peace in cities, peace in families. Like the soft murmuring zephyr, its soothing influence calms the brow of care, dries the eye of sorrow, and chases trouble from the bosom; and let it be universally experienced, and it would drive sorrow from the world, and make this earth a paradise. But peace is the gift of God. Jesus said to His disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you." John xiv: 27. Moral suasion is always good, and the most happy that man can employ; but without the interposition of God, it will be useless.

The nations of the world have corrupted themselves before God, and we are not in a position to be governed by those principles without regeneration. If they were pure, and living in the fear of God, it would be another thing; but the world at the present time is not made of the proper materials to submit to a congressional interposition, of a kind similar to the one now established. The materials will not combine, and no power, short of the power of God, can accomplish it. We have got into the feet and toes of Daniel's national image; they are composed of iron and clay, which will not mix; there is no chemical affinity between the bodies. As it has been in generations past, the strong nations feel independent, and capable of taking care of their own affairs; and if the weak unite, it is to protect themselves against the strong. The principles of aggression and protection still rule as strong in the human bosom as

ever they did. The world is as belligerent now as it ever was, and as full of commotion and uncertainty.

The dispositions of the nations, of kings, of rulers, and people, are the same. The present uncertain state of political affairs, are an evident proof of this. The political atmosphere of the European nations is full of combustion, and only needs igniting to set the whole in one common blaze. Talk of peace! there is war in the councils and cabinets, uncertainty and distrust with emperors, kings, presidents, and princes; war in the churches, clubs, cabals, and parties that now distract the world. It is whispered in the midnight caucus, and proclaimed in open day. The same spirit enters into the social circle, and breaks up families: father is arrayed against son, and son against father; mother against daughter, and daughter against mother; and brother against brother: it presides triumphant at the assemblies of the "Peace Society," and spreads confusion, discord and division there. A moral, deadly, evil has infused itself throughout the world, and it needs a more powerful restorative than the one proposed to ameliorate its condition. If the root of the evil be not eradicated, in vain we regulate the branches; if the fountain be impure, in vain we strive to purify the streams. The means used are not adequate to the end designed, and in spite of all those weak, puny efforts, the world will continue in its present sickly state, unless a more powerful antidote be applied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS.

To punish a child in such a way that it will see the direct connection between the correction and the fault is one of the precepts of modern education. The judge of the eighteenth century was not worried

by such psychological theories, but his decisions had often the grim humor of fitness. What could be better for the scold than a cooling plunge, or for the wife-beater than a few lashes on his own back? Alice

Morse Earle instances, in a book on "Punishments of Bygone Days," some of these picturesque but often cruel sentences of the colonial court.

A number of tender-handed English gailants joined a pioneer expedition to Virginia. The weather was cold and the work hard. When these soft-muscled young men were set at chopping trees, their hands were sorely blistered by the ax-helves. With the cries of pain many oaths were heard. The president of the company soon put a stop to this swearing by ordering a can of cold water to be poured down the sleeve of the guilty one at every oath he uttered.

In colonial days hog-stealing was considered one of the most serious of crimes. At the first offense the thief's ears were slit, at the second his ears were nailed to a pillory, and at the third he suffered death "without benefit of clergy."

Deceitful bakers and careless fish-dealers had to "loose their ears," while he who spoke detracting words had his ears bored by a bodkin.

A Frenchman, traveling in America in 1700, describes the ducking stool as a "pleasant mode" of punishing a scolding woman. He says:

"Of members, ye tongue is worst or beste,

An yll tongue oft doth breede unreste worthe a ducking stoole."

In 1635 Thomas Hartley of Virginia wrote of his witnessing the execution of a ducking-stool sentence:

"Day before yesterday, at two of ye Clock, I saw this punishment given to one Betsey Walker, who by ye violence of her tongue made her house and her neighborhood uncomfortable. They had a machine for ye purpose yt belongs to ye Parish. It has already been used three times this Summer. Ye Woman was allowed to go under ye water for ye space of $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Betsey had a stout stomache and would not yield until she had been under five times. Then she cried piteously. Then they drew back ye Machine, untied ye Ropes and let her walk home a hopefully penitent woman."

It seems strange to read that almost within the memory of persons still living, Mrs. Anne Royal was sentenced in Washington, District of Columbia, to be ducked for writing vituperating books. She terrorized the town by editing a "Paul Pry" paper. Even John Quincy Adams pronounced her a virago, and she was arraigned as a common scold. Mrs. Royal was sentenced to be ducked in the Potomac, but was afterwards released on paying a fine.

—*Selected.*

JEWES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

SOME interesting information concerning the Jewish world is contained in the "Jewish Year-Book, 5667," recently published in London. There are, it is estimated, some 150,000 Jews resident in London, two-thirds of whom live in the East End. The total Jewish population of the United Kingdom is given at 228,707, being an increase of 1,541 during the last twelve months. The total Jewish population of

the British Empire is approximated at 361,512, the colony having the largest number being South Africa with 48,820. There are three Jewish peers in England, and eleven baronets, while sixteen Jews have seats in the House of Commons. In the British army there are 400 Jews serving in all ranks and 100 in the navy, the highest rank attained by any Jew being that of colonel.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY 15, 1907

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WE LEARN BY DOING.



HERE is a tendency manifest in some quarters among the youth of Zion to argue against the observance of duties that belong to the Church. The burden of their argument seems to be that religion is a so-called question of the heart; that it is really a condition more than a service. A great deal is said about the religion of the heart, but the fact is the general means of reading peoples' hearts is to be found in their actions, what they say and do. Such arguments are simply an excuse for doing nothing at all.

From the most ancient times God has established rites and ordinances among His children for their observance, and religious feelings always manifest themselves most satisfactorily in what people do. It is not, however, the universal evidence of rites and ceremonies in religious life to which attention is here called, but it is the

value upon our religious life that doing things in a religious way has for us. It is a well recognized fact in education now that we learn by doing and it is everywhere we hear about applied science, applied mathematics, manual training. The idea that underlies these things is that we must do things if we would learn them well.

Besides what we learn by doing things, there is a real pleasure in service and the pleasures of our lives are manifest more by the things we do than by the things we simply think about. It is religion in action that counts most in the religious world and gives to us the highest satisfaction and pleasure. There is perhaps no more enjoyable feeling that comes to our lives than that which we find in the satisfaction that we have been doing something useful and good, and above all that we have been doing our duty. Whatever is a man's duty to do, he will find pleasure in doing. It is true that in the Church there are many duties that arise out of the organizations in the Priesthood and in the helps to our government. We have meetings and organizations to attend and their attendance should receive our most earnest consideration. It is not the man who attends punctually to the various meetings and organizations to which he belongs that finds these meetings and organizations a burden; it is the man that does not attend to these duties that finds them irksome.

The man who does not attend to his duties in the Church is not merely a loss of one to the service of God; he is a burden that others must carry. His influence, his conduct, have a natural tendency to draw others away from the observance of their duties.

These are busy times, and mens' minds are occupied with all sorts of schemes and they are absorbed in the passion of the hour, the passion to get rich. There never was, perhaps, a time in the Church when material affairs were more absorbing in their demands than at the present. These conditions may be a reason for non-attendance at Church, absence from organizations of the Priesthood, but they are no excuse for dereliction of duties. What men get in this world in a financial way will be all the more enjoyable to them if gotten while in the line of their religious duty. Every man who is actuated and governed by the sense and responsibility that religion imposes upon him increases his capacity for the enjoyment of life in every phase. He must have the capacity as well as the means to enjoy that which comes to him in this world.

That men are making a mistake in neglecting their religious duties will come home to them in years to come, when perhaps it may be too late to remedy or miti-

gate the evils which they have entailed upon themselves by their negligence. These words are intended as a warning, the truth of which men must sooner or later realize, and the sooner they realize it the better it will be for them, for their families and the Church whose advancement it is their duty to promote. Let duty be the watchword of the hour; and let every man respond to the promptings of the divine conscience within him and he will have no difficulty in understanding what he ought to do.



CONFERENCE PAMPHLETS.

We have now on hand at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, the Conference pamphlets, which contain the program for the Stake and Ward Sunday School Conferences, also the special program for the Sunday Schools, when the Stake Conference is in session. They are being sold at 10 cents per dozen, postpaid.

REVISION OF THE OUTLINES.

JESUS THE CHRIST.

LESSON 7.—IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

I. The Baptism of Jesus.

1. The Baptist.

- a. His parentage etc.—His birth announced (Luke 1: 13); his name prescribed ("John" signifies "the gift of God;" compare verse 63 as to official position of Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, see I Chron. 23: 6; 24: 3). Gabriel, the messenger (see Dan. 8: 16; 9: 21; "the mighty one of God").
- b. His mission. As declared by the angel (Luke 1: 14-17); as

declared by his father (Luke 1: 67-79).

- c. His testimony as to himself (John 1: 23; compare Isa. 40: 3; Mal. 3: 1; I Nephi 10: 7; 11: 27; II Nephi 31: 4; see also Matt. 3: 3; Mark 1: 3; Luke 3: 4).
- d. His testimony as to Jesus (Matt. 3: 11; Mark 1: 4, 7, 8; John 3: 25-36; compare John 1: 26-36, and references under I, 1, c, this lesson).

2. The baptism.

- a. The necessity of baptism illustrated—"to fulfill all righteousness." Note the Baptist's hesi-

tation and the Savior's answer (Matt. 3: 13-15; Mark 1: 9; Luke 3: 21).

- b. The mode of baptism illustrated (Matt. 3: 16; Mark 1: 10; see also John 3: 23).
- c. The sign of the Dove (Matt. 3: 16; Luke 3: 22; John 1: 32).
- d. The Father's testimony as to Jesus (Matt. 3: 17; Mark 1: 11; Luke 3: 22; compare Matt. 17: 5; and Pearl of Great Price, Writings of Joseph Smith 2: 17).

II. The temptations (Matt. 4: 1-11; Mark 1: 12, 13; Luke 4: 1-13).

- I. Temptation incident, to physical needs.
 - a. The circumstances.
 - b. The lesson.—Power and authority given of God are not to be used for personal service nor for self-indulgence. "Man shall not live by bread alone" (Matt. 4: 4; Luke 4: 4; compare Deut. 8: 3).
2. Temptation to win notoriety and distinction.
 - a. The circumstances.
 - b. The lesson.—"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." (Matt. 4: 7; compare Deut. 6: 16).
3. Temptation to win wealth and worldly power.
 - a. The circumstances.
 - b. The lesson.—Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve" (Matt. 4: 10; Luke 4: 8; compare Deut. 6: 13; 10: 20; Josh. 24: 14; I Sam. 7: 3).

GENERAL NOTE: Observe that the tempter first tried to induce Jesus to use His power for personal relief,—to rely upon His own resources rather than to trust His Father's

providing care. Observe that in the second temptation, according to the order herein followed, the tempter went to the opposite extreme—in trying to induce Jesus to wantonly incur danger merely to invoke the Father's protective care, and thereby to gain notoriety. Observe further that in the third or last temptation Satan states his evil purpose without ambiguity or disguise, and tries to turn Jesus from His mission by promise of wealth, and worldly gain. Note our Lord's triumph and the ministrations of angels after the ordeal (Matt. 4: 11).

JESUS THE CHRIST.

LESSON 8.—FROM THE WILDERNESS TO CANA.

(Introductory Note.—Observe that of the Evangelists, John alone gives us record of the events immediately following the temptations of Jesus.)

- I. The Baptist's second testimony (John 1: 36, 33; compare Lesson 7, I, 1 d).
- II. Disciples called.
 1. Andrew and John.—Note that John as the narrator suppresses his own name, but specifically designates his fellow disciple Andrew (John 1: 37-39).
 2. Simon (John 1: 41, 42).
 - a. His meeting with Jesus.
 - b. His new name; afterwards conferred (see Matt. 16: 18). Note that "*Cephas*" is an Aramaic word, while "*Peter*" is derived from the Greek; each means "*a stone*."
 3. Philip (John 1: 43, 44).
 4. Nathaniel (John 1: 47-51).
 - a. His surprise and doubt.
 - b. His conversion and testimony. Note that in but one other passage is Nathaniel mentioned by this name

(John 21: 2); elsewhere he is referred to by his other name—Bartholomew (See Matt. 10: 3; Mark 3: 18; Luke 6: 14; Acts 1: 13).

Explain the difference between a disciple and an apostle; as to apostleship, see Doc. & Cov. 107: 23. Each of the five disciples named above later became an apostle as a member of the organized Twelve; but the specific call studied in this lesson was not an ordination. (See Luke 6: 13; compare Matt. 10: 2, and Mark 3: 14).

III. Jesus at Cana, in Galilee (John 2: 1-11).

1. The marriage feast.
2. The miraculous production of wine.

Note the personal interest and seeming responsibility of Jesus and His mother in this matter of providing for the guests.

3. Significance of the semi-privacy attending the first recorded miracle by Jesus.

As to the testimony of miracles, see "Articles of Faith," lecture 12.

LESSON 9.—HIS EARLY PUBLIC MINISTRY.

I. At Capernaum (John 2: 12, 13; see also Matt. 9: 1).

II. At Jerusalem.

1. Occasion of the visit—another Passover anniversary (John 2: 13).
2. First cleansing of the temple (John 2: 14-17).
 - a. His vigorous procedure.

- b. His justification — including His first prediction of His death and resurrection (John 2: 18-22).

Compare a later attempt to cleanse His Father's house, a few days before His crucifixion (Matt. 21: 12; Mark 11: 15).

3. The visit of Nicodemus (John 3: 1-21).

- a. Principles of the Gospel expounded—baptism of water—baptism of the Spirit—requirements apply to all.
- b. Christ's second prediction of His death, manner of His death plainly indicated.

III. From the city to the country.

1. Baptisms by authority of Jesus. (John 3: 22; compare 4: 1, 2).
2. The Baptist's final testimony (John 3: 25-36).
 - a. Zealous answer of the Baptist's disciples.
 - b. The Baptist's humility and greatness.

Suggestions: The Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for 1897-8, subject "The Life of Christ," will be of great assistance in the study of this course. The Manual Lesson VI bears directly on the subject outlined above.

Note that the last of the four gospels—that of St. John—gives special attention to the Judean ministry, while the other three—collectively known as the synoptic gospels—deal principally with the Galilean ministry.

LITTLE THINGS.

One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken,
Has power to make a thrill of joy
E'en in a heart that's broken!

Then let us watch these little things—
And so regard each other,
That not a word, nor look nor tone
Shall wound a friend or brother. *Ex.*

VOICES FROM NATURE.

[EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ELDER KARL G. MAESER.]

FLOWERS.



LONG time ago a Persian prince was taken prisoner by a cruel king and thrown into a dungeon, where he was expected to die soon from privation and grief. All efforts of his friends to deliver him proved fruitless, until one morning a young girl made her appearance before the king with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, begging him to let her send these flowers to the poor and forsaken captive. The king thought he could grant so small a favor, and the flowers were brought to the prince; but he had no sooner seen them, than tears of joy burst into his eyes, for each flower had a certain meaning, which the prince understood: they told him to be of good cheer, and made known to him, also, the time and means of his deliverance. Acting according to directions received through the flowers, he effected his escape and became afterwards the king of that country.

There are several nations in Asia who have among them a language of flowers, by which they are able to send messages to one another. Not only in Asia, but among us also are flowers taken as the expressions of various feelings, virtues and sentiments. The lily, for instance, has been chosen on account of its spotless white as the emblem of innocence, the beautiful rose as the picture of youth, beauty and joy, the little violet, growing retired in some shady place on the way side, as the expression of modesty, the evergreen ivy as the sign of immortality, the splendid but scentless tulip as the image of vanity and pride, and the little daisy as a representation of gentleness and domestic virtue, etc.

It appears that the love for flowers is deeply rooted in the human soul, for little

children are very fond of playing with them; and it is said that the mother of the great philosopher Linnaeus covered his cradle, where he lay when a child, with flowers to keep him quiet, which first awakened in him his love for them. On a birthday or on other festive occasions in the family, we like to present flowers to those we love, as the best expression of our affection, and no bride in some countries would go to the altar without her bridal-wreath. And having expressed through our life the sentiments of love, gratitude and affection through them, having made them the companions of our happiness and our grief, they also adorn the graves of our friends in death.

They are, by their beautiful color, the gems of the field; by their sweet fragrance the sought-for companion of man; they call forth the highest admiration by their almost countless variety of size and form, from the tiny flower of the mosses and lichens, scarcely discernible by the naked eye up to the gigantic *Victoria Regia*, which may support a little child on its leaves; or from the little bluebell on our mountain slopes to the chandelier-flower of the *Aloe*, which attains the height of from 45 to 50 feet, and is supposed to blossom only once in a hundred years.

Some flowers consist of a whole bunch of small ones standing around a single stem. The sunflower, is composed of hundreds of little flowers, which again are all surrounded by a rim of yellow leaves. There are flowers like stars, like balls, like the mouth of some animal, like trumpets, or like a cross, etc. Some have edges sharp like a razor, some have teeth like a saw, some are smooth like paper, some like velvet, some rough and overgrown with hair.

Not all flowers blossom at the same time of the year, nor even at the same time of

the day. Some blossom only during the night. This circumstance suggested the idea of a flower watch, consisting of a collection of flowers, of which each one is in its bloom during a certain hour only, indicating thereby the time of the day. The most of flowers sleep during the night; that is, they close their leaves, and then open them again at sunrise; the closing however is so tight that you cannot unfold them without spoiling them; and still when they open in the morning themselves, they look as fresh and beautiful as they did the day before.

God, our Father, seems to have lavished upon them all the beauty by which He wishes to manifest His affection for His children here upon earth, speaking through them to us in a language, which even the child instinctively understands.

"And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

COAL.

A VENERABLE old lady has been requested to entertain us for a short time in the present paper—dear, mother Earth, who has of late opened the records of her former days to the admiration and instruction of mankind. I will not lead you to the coral isles of the far-off sea, nor into the interior of volcanoes nor to the sand deserts of ancient Egypt, but to that pile of *Coal* lying in your cellar, to be burned in your stove, that you may feel warm in these cold winter days; for, you see, coal does something else besides heating a stove, or driving a steam engine, or producing the useful gas by which whole cities are lighted up and the darkness of their nights turned almost into the brightness of day, it tells us also a great deal of the earth before the present race of men lived upon it.

My young friends will sometimes find on a piece of coal the forms of leaves and

wood; and there are many specimens in various scientific collections, on which the forms of plants have been preserved to a remarkable degree; but close examination has demonstrated the fact, that they all belong to one great class, no matter in what country the coal is found. Coal is formed of plants of a soft structure, like the fern; that had no visible flowers nor seeds, nor anything in common with our oak trees, beeches, firs, pines, etc. The color of the coal and its blackening qualities show that it must have been brought by heat into its present state, but that by some cause the heat was prevented from consuming it entirely and burning it into ashes.

Coal was not formed in one day, but it took, probably, thousands of years to form a coal bed of the thickness of 5 or 6 feet, as it only consists of vegetable matter, consolidated by a pressure, that man with all his machines and engines cannot produce. How many generations of such loose and soft plants it must have taken to form such a coal bed! That period of our earth, in which those plants were most abundant of which the coal is chiefly composed, is called by geologists the Coal period.

A landscape in that period must have looked very different from any now upon the earth. If, instead of high and lofty mountains, there were only level, swampy plains, the grass, which grew upon those plains was from 10 to 15 feet high; and plants which now scarcely reach the size of sugar-cane, grew as high as the tallest of our trees; and besides this, a tropical climate, without any apparent changes of the seasons, seems to have reigned all over the earth, favoring the uninterrupted growth of plants to marvellous heights. Just imagine for a moment, children, that you were going a May-walking in the time of the coal period. The grass nearly as high as our houses, and as thick and wide as boards; canes growing as tall as our biggest cot-

tonwood trees. Beautiful as such a landscape might look in a picture, it certainly would have been no home for man, for the hot and unhealthy atmosphere was often subjected to such sudden and terrible changes, that our thunderstorms and hurricanes cannot be compared with them. The girls would have found no flowers to gather, no apples to eat; and none of our domestic animals, such as the horse, the ox, the sheep, the dog, etc., was known then; only ugly formed monsters, skeletons of which have occasionally been found, swam in the water, crept on the ground or chased through the air. The earth was not yet sufficiently developed to become the dwelling place of the crown of creation, the image of God—man.

Men of science have often traveled thousands of miles to study the relics of an ancient nation, to discover some traces of its history, and to collect such remains of the past as great treasures in their museums. The hieroglyphics tell us of the old Pharaohs, the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, of long lines of kings and warriors. But of a long period of our earth nothing can give us record but the coal; and when you take up a piece in your hand, remember that the plants composing it, adorned the earth, when none beheld their beauty, but the eye of Him who watches through the ages of eternity the never-ending changes of his creations.

THE MICROSCOPE.

FROM the time that Christopher Columbus discovered a new world, the work of discovery went on until almost every spot on earth became more or less known to man, who, finding little left on our planet to discover, turned his searching eye upwards to the starry heavens, and, assisted by skilfully contrived instruments, opened another world to his admiring gaze. New suns appeared before him, he followed their motions; whole universes were seen stretch-

ing out in the far-off space, he tried to calculate their distance; new wonders revealed themselves, and he felt his littleness before the majesty and power of the Almighty Being who created and rules them according to his pleasure. Another world was yet left undiscovered, more manifold than the one Columbus found, and no less marvelous and immense than that which the telescope reveals to us over our heads. It is beneath, above and around us; it is in the bread we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe, the ground we cultivate and in the flowers we love; it has created continents and destroyed the mighty works of human skill. No railroad or steamboat leads us to it, but wherever we are we can behold some of its beauties through the microscope.

As this continent was hidden from the knowledge of man, until by the decree of God the time had arrived that it should be peopled by the Gentiles, so commenced the great discoveries of astronomy about the same time, and finally also, the microscope was invented only 100 years after Columbus. In the year 1590, the children of Zacharia Jansen, a spectacle maker in Holland, it is said, brought, in their play, two glass lenses accidentally together, and saw to their astonishment a great many things which they could not discern with the naked eye. The almost simultaneous opening of three new worlds to the knowledge and research of man is a most significant fact, and is one of those undeniable testimonies, by which the great King of the world shows that He rules and controls the course of events and the destinies of the human race..

There are a few grains of salt; look at them through the microscope, and behold the beautiful crystallization of each particle, every side as smoothly polished, as no artist with the finest instruments could accomplish. Here I tried to catch a butterfly, but it escaped me and left some colored

dust off its wings on my finger. The microscope tells me that that dust is composed of hundreds of little stars, balls and fans of every description. Here is a piece of moldy bread. Look at it through the microscope; what do you see? A whole forest with large trees resembling palms, bearing fruit like grapes; shrubbery of great variety, with flowers of beautiful form and color, and, oh horror! monstrous snakes crawling between them! Now, let us finally watch that drop of water through our glass. It is yet clear and pure, but do you see at this place a little speck? It begins to move, it swims around, it bursts, and an animal with a large head like that of a crocodile, with feet and a long tail, comes out. There have some more animals of various forms and shapes made their appearance, in the meanwhile, in other regions of this little world, and we see them now shooting to and fro in all directions, devouring one another, multiplying themselves and dying as soon as the drop dries up. A true picture of this great world of ours!

Now, think a moment, my young readers; those animals, for instance, which we saw in the drop of water have organs to move, to eat, to breathe, and for all the functions of the animal body! How small their limbs must be, and on, or in them, perhaps, live other little animals, which again must have organs, and these again perhaps are peopled in a similiar way! Where is the end? Is the power of the Almighty more manifest in the glorious firmament above us, with its myriads of stars, than it is in the drop of water with its living population, or among the multitudes of creatures that by thousands may swim at once through the eye of the finest cambric needle?

Who has, Eternal One, seen the beginning of Thy greatness, or understood the principles of Thy wisdom? For the heavens declare Thy glory, and the drop of water proclaims Thy power, with a thousand tongues!

THE WIND.

THE wind is the most changeable in disposition of anything we know; sometimes he very obligingly cools off the heated brow of the weary traveler on a hot summer day, and in the next minute throws sand into his eyes; or he is tearing along the valley throwing up the dust like a mad bull, or driving the clouds before him as a dog does a flock of sheep. We know not where he comes from, nor where he is rushing to; he makes his appearance from all points of the compass. Sometimes he is wished for by the people and will not stir, and then again, when nobody wants him, he howls around the house, rattles on doors and windows, shakes the trees, takes off boys' caps and sends them dancing along the road; nobody can stop him, or change him, he seems to have his own way; obedient only to the word of Him, who makes the winds his angels and the lightnings to be his servants.

Air is so fine a substance that the least cause can put it in motion; a boy whistles, and he causes a current of air; a girl fans herself, and forces the air to move. When the wind is very gentle, it is called a breeze, which moves along with the swiftness of a fast horse. Poets call it, when rustling through the branches of the old oak tree or playing with the leaves of a rose, a zephyr; it is called a wind when it goes from fifty to sixty miles an hour; hurricanes, tornadoes and cyclones, however, rage furiously along with the velocity of 100 to 150 miles an hour, tearing down everything in their mad career. The West India Islands, Cape Hatteras in North Carolina, and Cape Horn, are the points in America most subject to hurricanes. But a hurricane in all its terrible grandeur, accompanied by thunder and lightning, can only be witnessed on mid-ocean, where it raises the waves mountain high. The roaring, shrieking, howling and whistling of the wind drown the human voice, and man

bends down in terror before the awful majesty of nature.

You, children, have all seen whirlwinds, carrying the dust high up to the clouds; they are caused by two winds meeting in opposite directions; and several learned men, in modern times, maintain that all hurricanes are nothing but the same kind of whirlwinds, only much larger; that is, they all have the form of a spinning top; it is said also, that the more furious a hurricane is, over the less extent of country does it spread itself.

There is a wind in the great desert Sahara in Africa, which is called the Simoon or poisonous wind, which is so intensely hot and dry that a tumblerful of water will be dry in half an hour if exposed to it; flowers die, the leaves of the trees turn yellow in a few hours, and whole companies of travelers often perish when overtaken by such a wind on the open sand plain, their tongues turning black within their mouths and their blood almost literally drying up in their bodies. That same wind, in a milder form though, is known in Italy by the name of Sirocco, and in Switzerland as the Foehm.

Every man who has a windmill likes to build his mill at the side of a valley, where he can have the benefit of the "valley wind," that commences to come from the valley every afternoon as soon as the sun has left, but is still shining upon the surrounding country. Sailors prefer going to sea in the evening, being taken out by the "landwind," and running into port in the morning aided by the "seawind." Certain kinds of winds blow in the spring and fall in tropical regions, which are called the tradewinds, that are made use of by ships in reaching their destination faster; they keep blowing in certain directions. Their courses in many portions of the earth are fully understood, for they are produced by

the motion of our earth and the influence of the heat of the sun.

These winds are called in the East Indies the Monsoon.

Winds carry the seeds of plants great distances, and are a means in the hands of the Creator to adorn every portion of the earth with vegetation. In the Pacific Ocean it sometimes happens that there is no wind stirring for a long time, and then ships stand still as if frozen in ice, which has often proved fatal to the men on board, they having died for want of fresh water and food.

When the wind blows in winter, we feel the cold keener than when it is still. Every woman knows that wind dries the clothes quicker. The Eolian harp is a contrivance placed in the walls of garden houses in some countries close to the roof, with several different strings, by which the wind in blowing across them produces such moaning and mournful sounds that nervous persons have been known to burst into tears. When the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the first twelve Apostles in Jerusalem at the day of Pentecost, a noise shook the house wherein they sat like a powerful wind.

From all these, my young friends, you can see that winds are some of those manifold agencies in nature, which our Heavenly Father employs in enlivening, beautifying, purifying and adorning the earth; and may we learn to listen to them as passing messengers of the Great King, telling us that they have to perform their work on mountain tops or in the valleys, in the heat of the noonday sun or in the winter's cold, by day or by night. Are we not servants to Him, yet worth far more in His eyes? Should we not, at least, be as obedient as the wind, which our Savior commanded from the ship, and it was still in an instant!

LETTERS TO MY BOY

XIX.

My Dear Son:—

SINCE I wrote you in my last on the value of being a good listener, it would seem proper to follow that letter on the value of silence. Some boys acquire the habit of excessive talking and usually it is dangerous to form the habit of talking about things when one's mind is not clear upon the things talked about, and one is not really prepared to give very intelligent opinions. What people say has some influence even though they be not the most intelligent. One's conversation is likely to effect the least intelligent and the younger class with whom one comes in contact. It is not, however, from the standpoint of one's influence upon others that I wish to write upon the subject of silence; it is the effect that silence has upon one who maintains it. It very frequently happens that people talk before they are ready to talk, and that they do not curtail their minds in order that they may be more certain about things concerning which they intend to speak when they are silent they are likely to be more exact, more considerate, more charitable, so that in a way silence begets judgment and wisdom and authority. Some people allow their thoughts to flow so constantly from their lips that there is really no depth to what they think. It is like the flow of water; it is always shallow when it flows as rapidly as it collects. If the waters are held back, dammed up, they acquire depth and as they stand they become clearer. So it is with the boys' thoughts; they should be collected and clarified before they are sent forth in words. Silence in this sense means of course, deliberation and study. There is no value in empty silence.

It is Longfellow, I think, who writes: "Three silences there are: the first of speech; the second of desire; the third of thoughts."

You may wonder how a desire or a thought unexpressed could be anything else than silence, but there is a world of good philosophy in that beautiful expression. If you learn, for example, to control your speech, to keep silent when you are uncertain and your thoughts and feelings are not matured, you possess a power of self control in speech that enables you to speak more wisely though less often. Now, the same power of the will that controls the speech will be helpful in controlling the desires and the thoughts which should be silenced when ever they come into our lives in a harmful manner. As a rule I think it is safe to say that men who control their words, control both their desires and their thoughts. The man who talks at random without much regard for what he is saying is likely to have running rampant in his brain all sorts of thoughts, foolish and bad as well as good. He is likely to have a heart full of desires that are out of harmony with his surroundings and desires that would be highly injurious if they were realized.

Again, one's soul should be a reservoir of good things and man should be full, he should have rich thoughts, noble desires, in abundance; he should really commune with himself more than he communes with those about him. His inner life should be larger and richer and happier than his external life. You know it is said of the great writer Shakespeare that he read more perfectly the inner workings of the human heart than any other man. He has, in one of his plays called "Much Ado About Nothing" this very beautiful expression:

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy;
I would be little happy if I could say how much."

The Germans have an adage that silence is golden, and it was said of their great strategist and general, Von Moltke that

he could be silent in seven languages. There are many saws running like these:

"Talking comes by nature, silence by wisdom."

"Tongues run all the faster when they carry little."

Now I would not have you think that empty silence, that is, silence in itself, is so great a virtue as from these instances you might be lead to think it was. There is a silence that counts for nothing, a silence unaccompanied by any particular thoughts or feelings or desires, a vague silence which means shallowness. In one way or another we reveal, after all, more or less of our true worth and come to be known for what we are. I would not have you then, imagine that a stupid silence can add anything to your reputation as an intelligent and wise boy. What I here have in mind is forcibly illustrated by the story of a young boy whose ignorance was such that his father feared that the boy might betray himself if he talked. On one occasion the boy was invited to dine where


a number of intelligent persons were to be present; and the father admonished the boy not to talk lest people should discover that he was a fool. At the table a gentleman on his right inquired what his name was, to which he made no reply. Another on the left wanted to know how old he was and if he attended school; again he failed to answer. A third gentleman interposed the remark that the boy must be a fool; whereupon the boy hastened to his father with the remark: "I didn't say a word; they found it out anyhow." It is when silence enriches you and helps you to go deeper into your thoughts and desires that you should be particular to abstain from excessive and unnecessary talk. If some people talked as much to themselves as they talk to others; if they argued with themselves as they argue with others, they would often be both better and wiser. It is therefore an intelligent silence about which the poets and writers speak when they praise its wisdom.

GREEK LETTER FRATERNITIES AND THEIR RIGHTS.

By a decision of the supreme court of the state of Washington, legal authority upholds the efforts of school officials to check the abuse of secret fraternities and societies in public high schools. A local board had forbidden pupils to join a secret fraternity, and as a penalty for disobedience denied to offenders certain privileges in the social life of the school, but did not limit in any way the essential educational rights. Action was brought in behalf of the fraternity to restrain the school board from depriving the pupils of their privileges.

The trial court denied the application for an injunction, and the supreme court sustained the denial. The court says that the evidence "overwhelmingly establishes the fact that such fraternities do have a marked influence on the school, tending to destroy good order, discipline and scholarship. This being true, the board is authorized, and it is its duty, to take such reasonable and appropriate action, by the adoption of rules, as will result in preventing these influences."

Exchange.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards. 160 C Street. Salt Lake City, Utah.

VALENTINE'S.

'Tis well the ugly valentine
Is going out of style;
But pleasant ones are always fine,
To make the young folks smile.

For smiles are not too frequent yet,
Good words are still too rare;
So let each mind be timely set
On giving its full share.

If one may cause a heart to glow,
A face with joy to shine,
'Tis not too small a thing to throw
A loving valentine.

L. L. G. R.

LOST AND FOUND.

[CONCLUDED.]

Hour after hour, in the scorching glare of the summer sun. Too dazed to weep, too fearful to hunger or thirst, my heart standing still at the sound of every rustling leaf. With swimming brain and weary little feet I kept walking, walking on and on, and still, like the prodigal son, no rest I found. I was weak and nearly worn out, but still I would not yield to my weariness and sit down. Still wandering on and on, I finally came to a precipitous bank. Deep down below was the Gila River, flowing softly on to the great Colorado.

Back I turned with a weary sigh. I must find the little farm. With tired feet and aching head and heart almost bursting with fear, I trudged silently along.

The sun was fast sinking in the west, and the moon peeped through gathering clouds.

After awhile I found the fence again and

determined now to follow it. But to do so, was very difficult, and the threatening clouds were fast gathering, the storm might burst upon me at any moment. I began to watch eagerly now, with the thought that some belated farmer might come along with whom I might beg a ride home.

The clouds continued to gather until the whole face of the earth was black as night, not a ray of light shone through the thick darkness. The sun had gone down and the moon's face was hidden behind the black clouds.

I still groped my way in the darkness, until at last I found myself in a small grove of trees with a pig pen near them on the bank of the ditch by the fence. These I knew. This was my uncle's farm. But not a sound of life could I hear. I stooped down and crawled under the fence, then stood up and listened again. But no sound came to my ears save the gurgling of the little stream outside the fence.

No one knows the horrors I suffered, standing there in the darkness alone.

The coyotes now began howling in every direction, which caused me to tremble with fear. And just across the lane from me a hoot-owl set up his dismal screech.

As I stood there trembling with agonizing fear, clasping my hands and raising my eyes to Heaven, I cried out, "Oh God! What will I do?"

"Pray, little one, pray!" something seemed to say to me. So kneeling down on the thorny turf, I prayed as only a little child in deep agony could. "Oh Father in Heaven!" I prayed, with trembling voice. "Take care of me and guide me. Oh! for-

give me if I have been naughty in any way, and done anything to make me deserve this punishment. And keep me in Thy care. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen." Then rising, trembling still with fear; but not in such great terror as I had been, I scanned the place in the darkness. And not far from me, I saw with joy some glowing coals where my uncle had been burning brush around a large mesquit stump which was still smouldering.

Groping my way to the spot, I managed to gather a few scattering weeds which I threw upon the coals. They burned up and made a light which lasted long enough for me to see to gather a large arm full of brush. This would last a long time. The brush was very thick, and already chopped down, for uncle was clearing the farm. The coyotes continued to howl and the owl to hoot, but I had taken up my abode there till morning, or until some one came to seek me.

I began to cry then for the first time. It seemed I had been too frightened and bewildered to cry before, but I cried then with mingled joy and fear.

What a welcome sound I heard at last, as a loud clap of thunder ceased to roar. The rain came pouring down in large drops, and the lightning streaked the heavens, but I listened! Yes, it was uncle's own voice calling me as he came down the road. He could not see the light of the fire yet the brush was so thick. But he called again and again, "Delsia! Delsia!"

"Here I am, Uncle," I answered, but my voice was so weak I could not make him hear. As he neared the fire he cried out, "Oh, here you are, dear—so glad—so glad!"

With a fond caress he helped me mount the horse, saying, "In the morning you can tell us about your getting lost, but now we must hasten home."

The rain continued and we were both drenched when we reached home.

I never told my story for some long days, except in delirium, I was too ill.

This is a true story children, and it happened at the first Mormon settlement made on the Gila River. It is still the largest, and being the oldest, perhaps your parents can tell you its name.

Delsia.

A VALENTINE FOR SYLVIA.

JUST as the sun's last crimson rays were dying out in the western sky, a group of merry children came playing along from school.

They were laughing and talking gaily, and joyously planning on the fun they would have sending valentines the following day.

There was one little girl, however, who did not join the merry group. Down a silent lane that led to the west of the town, she trudged slowly along, as if measuring its step.

At last she spoke to herself, "I don't see any use of my going to school to-morrow," she said. "They are going to have a post office in the school room and distribute valentines. But I know I shall not get any, and I would rather stay at home. They all hate me because I am poor," she sobbed. "I can't help it, I only wish I could."

That night the stars looked silently down upon the sad heart of Sylvia Brown. As soon as it was dark she went to bed and wept herself to sleep.

The next day she did not go to school, but busied herself cutting valentines out of bright colored paper for her little brothers and sisters.

She was a kind, good girl, but being poor, she was sometimes laughed at by her school-mates.

That night as Allie White went home from school she stopped at Mr. Brown's

home and asked for Sylvia. Sylvia came, wondering what was wanted of her.

When she came in Allie gave her a pretty valentine and said, "You were not at school to-day and so the girls and boys sent you this valentine."

Sylvia thanked Allie over and over again.

That night her heart was as full of joy as it had been full of sorrow the night before.

Clarence M. Cheney.



LETTER-BOX.

Likes Grandpa's Stories.

SANDY, UTAH, January, 1907.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have two brothers and one sister. We take the JUVENILE. I like to hear mamma read the little letters. Our baby's name is Hyrum, he is six months old. Our grandpa's name is Hyrum too. He is fifty-five years old. He returned home from a mission to the Northern States last October. I like to hear him tell his missionary experiences.

ELLA HARDCASTLE.



Much to be Thankful For.

This is my first letter to you. I live in Salem, Idaho. I am nine years old. Our Bishop's name is B. R. Harris. Our Sunday School superintendent is O. F. Ursenback. My teacher's name is Maggie Anderson. I am in the kindergarten department. I like to go to Sunday School very much. We learn many nice things there.

As this is a beginning of a new year, I am going to try and do better, and learn more than I did last year.

I have a dear little baby sister, five months old. I have a little pet lamb. Santa Claus was very kind to me. He brought me many nice presents. I have a

loving father and mother, and a beautiful home. I have four brothers and four sisters. We have just completed our new meetinghouse. It is a very beautiful building.

Wishing you all a happy New Year.

ZELLA LORENA HARRIS.



Letter and Answer to Charade.

MURRAY, UTAH, January 3, 1907.

I am ten years old and I have five sisters and one brother. I love to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and take special interest in reading the letters. I go to Sunday School and Primary and love my teachers.

I think I have guessed the answer to Loraine Barrett's charade in the January 1, 1907, JUVENILE. It is Abraham Lincoln.

CORDELIA STEPHENSON.



A Black Ant's Story.

PROVO, January 1, 1907.

You don't often get letters from such little fellows as I am, and I may as well confess first as last that I had to get a lady to write it for me. I am going to tell you how I came to Utah if you care for the story of so tiny a chap as I am.

My home is not here, oh, no! I live a long way off, in Tobasco, Mexico, where the trees are always green and the flowers bloom every day in the year. The sun shines very ardently, and the moon can be out all night and not take cold.

Big monkeys that look so much like men, live in the trees. I used to think they were one kind of men, but I was very young then.

One day I was working very hard, going as fast as I could to where I smelled a cracker, when I fell head long into a hole where a ferocious bear lived, who is the

sworn enemy of all my race. He started toward me, and, mad with fear, I scrambled up the sides of his den, escaping with the loss of only one leg, which the bear greedily smacked his lips over.

Being so badly frightened I hid in the first thing I could find, and was trembling so I don't know just how it happened, but when I looked up all was very dark and still. I soon found that I was in a candy box, and there was plenty to eat, but oh, it was such a dreadful long time, that I was afraid that I would get old and die there in the dark alone. I sat up in one corner of the box crying, when all at once the lid was raised. The light was so bright I could not see for a moment, and when I could, I saw a lady's fingers in the box, and I hastened to escape from my prison, by crawling up them. The lady said: 'What a big ugly black ant,' for which I bit her, and then hid under a pile of papers on the desk where the candy box sat. From the talk going on I learned that I had traveled thousands of miles, and was in Utah. I also heard them say that the bear I spoke of was "only as big as a pea." He makes his den, which is nothing more nor less than an ant trap, by whirling round and round like a cork screw, kicking a cloud of dust and a shower of tiny sand particles to the edge of the hole. I know (if you were at a safe distance, or too big for him to eat) you would laugh very much at the way he makes his den. Men call him "Cochinilla."

There is just one thing makes me willing to stay in this cold climate there are no ant bears here.

My leg has nearly grown on again, thank you.

I hope you are all well and happy as little children should be.

JIM ANT.

P. S. If I ever go back I shall lecture to all the ant tribes of the wonderful things

I saw on my journey up here, like folks do.

J. A.

A Worker in Sugar Beets.

ANNIS, IDAHO, Dec. 30, 1906.

I have not seen any letters from Annis for a long time.

This is the first time I have written a letter to the JUVENILE. We have a good Sunday School here for a little place. My father raises sugar beets and I work in them.

I have two horses and did have a cow, but we sold her for eighteen dollars. And I have a dog and two chickens. I have read letters in the JUVENILE from others. I am 13 years old.

CHARLES D. CLIFFORD.

A Fine School.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH,

January 3rd, 1907.

I have never written you before, but our dear editor kindly invites us all. I like the little letters, and enjoy the stories very much. I go to school and am in the 1st grade. I go to a beautiful new building called the "Grant." We have four rooms, also lovely flowers growing in the window.

My teacher's name is Miss Watson.

I am nine years old.

EDWARD MESSERVY.

From a Place Where Cotton Grows.

LITTLEFIELD, ARIZONA.

I will try to write to the Letter-Box for the first time. I go to school. We have such a good teacher, Esther Parker. I have ten sisters and six brothers, living. We have such a kind horse, I ride him to the field on Saturdays to pick cotton. Three of my sisters are at the grape farm picking cotton, will not be done till along

in next month. Some nights ago, we had so much fun, riding to the limekiln while father was burning lime. I got a pretty doll for Christmas. I wish all a happy New Year.

ANNIE E. IVERSEN.

P. S. Wild flowers begin now to grow. I enclose one. A. E. I.

[The flower sent has a delicate yellow blossom and pale green leaves. ED.]

Letter, Answer and Charade.

LAKETOWN, UTAH.

I have three sisters and three brothers. My father is first assistant Superintendent in the Sunday School. I have the opportunity of attending Primary, Sunday School, and other religious services.

I have guessed some of the charades in the JUVENILE. I will send one composed of 14 letters.

14, 5, 6, 6, 12, 4, grease.

11, 12, 4, useful animal.

11, 5, 7, domestic animal.

3, 5, 14, rodent.

2, 7, personal pronoun.

4, 5, 13, 8, 3, a fluid.

5, 6, 14, 5, girl's name.

5, 6, 6, 2, 8, proper noun.

10, 2, 9, title.

The whole is the name of a Scotch poet.

ALLEY JOHNSON.

About Their Town.

MCCAMMON, BANNOCK CO., IDAHO,

January 1, 1907.

We love to read the letters in the JUVENILE. As we have never written to the Letter-Box, we thought we would begin with the new year.

Our little sister died while papa was on a mission to the Northern States nine years ago the 23rd of this month. Papa never saw her. Six years ago we moved to

Baker City, Oregon. Papa was section foreman at Sumpter, Oregon. The climate did not agree with him so we returned to our home at McCammon. Sumpter is a pretty place surrounded with large pine trees.

Large mushrooms grow in the old dead trees. Last July, one of us, Arnold, 7 years old, fell from a tree, 26 feet high, breaking his right arm and wrist and making a large bruise on his forehead. We thought him very lucky to escape with his life. We think one thing that saved him was that he fell in a small ditch of water.

We will tell you something about the town where we live. Perhaps some of the little boys and girls would like to know what kind of a place it is here.

McCammon is a small town although there is quite a good deal of business done here. Our town has built up a good deal in the past eight months. We expect to have several more new buildings put up in the near future.

McCammon has two merchandise stores, one drug store, three saloons, one bank, one post office, one flour mill, one hotel, two restaurants, one barber shop, three blacksmith shops, one opera house, and one amusement hall. We expect to have a high school here in the near future. We have a paper printed here called the McCammon Banner. Our town is to be lighted with electric lights soon. Mr. H. O. Harkness is enlarging this hotel by adding 38 more new rooms.

We hope our letter will not be too long and that we will see it in print soon.

We have taken the JUVENILE about six years. We could not do without it in our home. Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year, we are your little brothers in the gospel,

ALFRED LEWIS,

11 years old,

and ARNOLD LEWIS,

7 years old.

AUTHORS OF FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

MANY common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe: "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to a sticking place," (not point); "They laugh that win," "This is the long and short of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel comes to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives us "The Almighty dollar;" Thomas Morton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles C. Pinckney: "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his countrymen," appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee.

From the same source we have, "Make assurance doubly sure," "Christmas comes but once a year," "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," and "Look before you leap."

Thomas Tassar, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," "Through thick and thin." "No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell.

"When Greek join Greek then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater;" and Mackintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety's the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper; "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlow gave out the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Edward Cook was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness."

Edward Young tells us, "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is indeed a fool," but alas! for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us "Man wants but little, nor that little long."

From Bacon comes, "Knowledge is power."

Considerable so-called slang is classic. "Escape with the skin of my teeth" is from Job. "He is a brick" is from Plutarch. That historian tells us of a king of Sparta who boasted that his army was the only wall of the city. "and every man a brick." We call a fair and honest man "a square man," but the Greeks described the same person as Tetragonos—"a four-cornered man."

"Every dog has its day" is commonly attributed to Shakespeare, in Hamlet's speech, "The cat will mew and dog will have his day." But forty years before "Hamlet," Heywood wrote, "But, as every man saith, a dog hath his daie."

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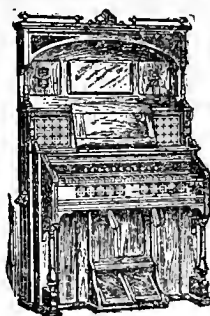
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